

Pop Out

Summrs

Yeah, yeah, 'eah
Oh, oh, oh
Oh
Everytime I-
Everytime I-

Everytime I pop out, yeah, that's 'bout to get mad
Everytime I pop out, I got more money than I had
Everytime I pop out, I skrrt in the jet
Everytime I get mad, I'm takin' her back bad

Who takin' us? (Kill me), yeah, I'm up for sum' (Ooh)
Yeah, movin' like mobsters, hundred round drum (Bah)
Fuck what you talk about in this bitch, and I don't give a fuck
where you from (Wah)
Yeah, Candypaint on the paint
Booted off white like Frank, I'm throwin' shots like Frank
Since I am a asshole, I don't even need to pray
, you ain't gettin' no cash
Ah-uh, you could die like the rest
Pull up, pop out, ha, they feelin' erased
I'm a Maybach, yeah, I'm goin' so fast, woah
Bitch ain't got no class, she think she bad
I'm in Designer Room with freemason
No, no, I'm in a Lamb', I ain't got no head space
Yeah, I'm fried, I'm with slime, he ain't come to my place
Don't let her scatch out all the balance
Don't let you get hit with a Drac'
Ooh (Drac'), ooh (Drac')
Got a big Glock, this on my waist

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